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JULY

Roy Rogers

COMICS



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75 by Tom Young

7. **What is the purpose of the study?**

He Canadian who's doing it

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END PAGE 19

USE THE HANDY ORDER FORM AT THE TOP OF THIS PAGE

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ROY ROGERS in Dead Man's Canyon

A WIRE FROM---WHO? ERIC HARPER?
I TAUGHT HIM TO RIDE AND ROPE
WHEN HE WAS A
BUTTON... HMM?
THIS DOESN'T
LOOK SO
GOOD!

WESTERN
UNION
Two Spot
ROY ROGERS
BATTLE CREEK
ERIC DISAPPEARED A WEEK
AGO. YOU ARE THE LAST HOPE
OF FINDING HIM. LAST ROPE
WILL BE WAITING YOU AT
TWO SPOT.
ERIC HARPER.

BILL?
WHEN'S
THE NEXT
FREIGHT
TRAIN
FOR TWO-
SPOT?
TWO-SPOT? LITTLE
FLAG STATION ON
THE WAY TO PRESCOTT,
EH? WELL, LESSEE
THERE'S A WORK
TRAIN COMIN'
THROUGH IN TWENTY
MINUTES, WITH
AN EMPTY
BOXCAR.

WANT A RIDE TO TWO-SPOT, COWBOY?
I RECKON WE'VE GOT ROOM FOR YOU.

THANKS, NEIGHBOR! YOU
MIGHT SAVE A LIFE, HELPING
ME GET THERE QUICK.

SEVEN HOURS LATER...

ROY ROGERS? DOGGONE!
YOU SURE ANSWERED
MY WIRE QUICK!

HI,
ROD!

YOUR TELEGRAM SOUNDED
LIKE BAD TROUBLE, ERIC.
I'LL HELP
ANY WAY I
CAN.

I KNOW IT,
ROY! SHOULD
HAVE CALLED
FOR YOU
SOONER.

I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY---S FAR AS I KNOW IT... A WEEK AGO FOLKS STARTED TO DISAPPEAR FROM AROUND ARGENTITE

HOW DO YOU MEAN, "DISAPPEAR?" AT NIGHT?

NO--IN THE DAYTIME! RIGHT AFTER GETTING A LETTER IN THE MAIL! THEY WERE ALL OLD-TIMERS--DAD'S AGE--BUSINESS MEN AND RANCHERS... THEY JUST SADDLED UP AND LIT OUT.

WERE ALL THE FOLKS WHO WISHED MEN?

NOPE! ONE WAS A GIRL I AIMED TO MARRY--PATTY RICHARDS--LIVED WITH HER DAD IN THAT CABIN AHEAD OF US.



THAT NIGHT AT THE HARPER RANCH...

THE LETTER THAT OAO GOT SEEMED TO KNOCK HIM ENDWAYS! HE WENT WHITE AS A SHEET WHEN HE READ IT... THE REST OF THE DAY HE WENT AROUND TALKING UNDER HIS BREATH-- TO HIMSELF!

AND NEXT MORNING HE WAS MISSING?



YEAH! MISSING--ALONG WITH HIS OLD PROSPECTOR'S OUTFIT, RIFLE, GRUB AND WATER BAG... AND HIS HORSE! THE HORSE CAME BACK TWO DAYS AFTER--WARD, WITH SADDLE AND BRIDLE OKAY.



SAY! COME TO THINK OF IT, ROY--ALL THE OTHER OLD-TIMERS WHO DISAPPEARED HAD MINES OF THEIR OWN NEAR THE LUCKY STREAK... BUT ALL THEIR ORE VEINS PLAYED OUT LIKE DAD'S DID.

NEXT MORNING...

YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOU TO THE OLD LUCKY STREAK MINE--WHERE DAD MADE HIS BIG STRIKE? IT'S BEEN CLOSED FOR YEARS...

IT'S ONE PLACE NOBODY'S LOOKED, ERIC.



NEAR SUNSET—
FIFTY MILES BACK
IN THE HILLS

HERE'S DEAD MAN'S
CANYON. THE
LUCKY STREAK IS
JUST BEYOND.

THERE'S AN OLD
BUILDING IN THERE—
NOT A BAD PLACE
TO CAMP TONIGHT,
KID.

I DON'T MIND..
BUT RIGHT
OUTSIDE THAT
OLD HOUSE IS
WHERE THE HALF-
BREED TOM-DICK
JONES MURDERED
HIS PARTNER
LUKE AVERY—
WITH AN
ARROW!

SO
THAT'S
WHERE
DEAD
MAN'S
CANYON
GOT ITS
NAME!

UH-HUH! TOM-
DICK GLEARED
OUT WITH HIS
LITTLE DAUGHTER,
JUST AHEAD OF
A MINER'S
COMMITTEE
IF THEY'D
CAUGHT HIM.
THEY'D HAVE
HANGED HIM
QUICK.

THE
CANYON'S
ONLY GOT
THIS ONE
ENTRANCE—

HOLD ON,
ERIC! THERE'S
ANOTHER
DEAD MAN.
JUST INSIDE!

SHOT
THROUGH
THE HEAD!
YOU KNOW
HIM, ERIC?

YES! IT'S
BEN HARTLEY—
ONE OF THE
MEN THAT
DISAPPEARED!



LOOK OUT, KID!

Z-Z-Z-ZIP!

SUDDENLY
A SIXTH
SENSE
OF BEING
WATCHED
FROM
BEHIND
MAKES BOY'S
NECK HAIR
PRICKLE!



FOLLOW ME--AND
KEEP YOUR HEAD
DOWN, KID!



THEY GOT--
MY HORSE!



OOE!

I'LL MAKE IT JUST
AS WELL--A FOOT.



GET BACK,
ROY-- I'LL MAKE
IT ON ONE
FOOT!



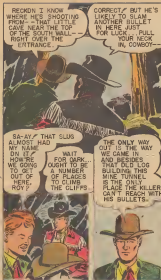
STOP SQUIRMING, FELLA! THAT BIRD
IS TOO BUSY DUCKING MY BULLETS TO
HIT US!



THERE'S NO
FEELING IN
MY FOOT--
WHERE'D I
GET IT,
ROY?

RIGHT SPANG IN
THE HARD HEEL
OF YOUR BOOT!
KNOCKED A WHOLE
OUNCE OF LEATHER
OUT OF IT-- NO
WONDER YOUR
FOOT'S NUMB!





RECKON I KNOW WHERE HE'S SHOOTING FROM-- THAT LITTLE CAVE NEAR THE TOP OF THE SOUTH WALL-- RIGHT OVER THE ENTRANCE.

CORRECT! BUT HE'S LIKELY TO SLAM ANOTHER BULLET IN HERE JUST FOR LUCK... PULL YOUR NECK IN, COWBOY!

SA-AY! THAT SLUS ALMOST HAD MY NAME ON IT! HOW'RE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE, ROY?

WAIT FOR DARK... OUGHT TO BE A NUMBER OF PLACES TO CLIMB THE CLIFFS.

THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THE WAY WE CAME IN AND BESIDES THAT OLD LOG BUILDING THIS MINE TUNNEL IS THE ONLY PLACE THE KILLER CAN'T REACH WITH HIS BULLETS.



YOW!

WHO WORKED THIS MINE, ERIC?

AVERY AND TOM-- OCK JONES... THEY CALLED IT THE GOPHER. DAD SAID IT NEVER WAS A BIG ENOUGH ONE VEIN TO MAKE ANYBODY RICH.



ERIC! THERE'S A PINPOINT OF LIGHT COMING FROM THAT OLD HOUSE-- LIKE ITS COMING THROUGH A CHINK BETWEEN THE LOGS... SEE IT?

YEAH! LET'S GO OVER AND TAKE A LOOK-- IT'S DARK ENOUGH NOW SO WE WON'T GET SHOT AT.



SAY! I HEAR VOICES INSIDE!

QUIET! THE PLACE MAY BE GUARDED. TAKE A PEEK THROUGH ONE OF THE CHINKS, WHILE I KEEP A LOOKOUT.

ROY / TAKE A LOOK / THAT'S EVERYBODY
WHO'S DISAPPEARED— —EXCEPT DAD
AND PATTY RICHARDS AND HER FATHER
BUT WHAT IN TIME ARE
THEY DOING HERE?
THERE'S SHERIFF
LANG, TOO— —

IF WE HANG
AROUND AND
LISTEN, MAYBE
WE'LL FIND
OUT. NOW,
HUSH.

LANG, D'YOU RECKON THAT MASKED
GENT IS GOING TO SHOW UP AGAIN
TONIGHT WITH THE PAPER HE WANTS
US TO SIGN?

PROBABLY, AND MY
IDEA IS THAT WE'D
BETTER SIGN IT, BURLLEY.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH
BEING BOTTLED UP HERE
FOR A WEEK, WITHOUT—

FIVE RESPECTABLE CITIZENS,
IN A QUIET GAME OF POKER—
NOT EVEN A GUN IN SIGHT /

THERE HE IS! — JUST DRIFTED
IN LIKE A DOSSONED SPOOK /

WELL, GENTLEMEN? I HAVE ANOTHER PROPOSITION
FOR YOU THIS EVENING: —SIGN THIS AGREEMENT TO
REVEAL THE OLD GOPHER NINE, AND I'LL NOT
ONLY KEEP YOUR LYNCHING OF TOM-OCK JONES,
EIGHT YEARS AGO, A SECRET— —BUT I'LL TAKE YOU
ALL OUT OF THIS CANYON, SAFELY, TONIGHT!
NOW, WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

THE ANSWER IS STILL NO! ALL THE GUNS IN THE WORLD WON'T MAKE ME SIGN ANY BLAMED PAPER UNDER A THREAT! AND ANYHOW, WE'VE GOT ONLY YOUR WORD TO PROTECT US—



SIT DOWN, SAM BURLEY—THIS GENT IN THE BLACK HOOD CLAIMS HE SAW TOM-DICK JONES LYNNCHED AND BELIEVE HE DID!



LET HIM TRY AND PROVE IT, THEN! IT WOULD BE HIS WORD AGAINST OURS...

NO, IT WOULDN'T, SAM! NONE OF US HERE ARE GROOMS—OR EVER WERE... WE MIGHT BE SCARED INTO LYING WITH OUR TONGUES, BUT OUR OWN FACES WOULD ACCUSE US! I SAY—SIGN AND TRUST HIM.



SHERIFF LANG IS RIGHT, BOYS! ONCE THE TRUTH GOT OUT, WE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO LOOK OUR FAMILIES IN THE EYE—NOT TO MENTION OUR NEIGHBORS.

WHY NOT? DOOOONE IT, DAVE SEENAN, WE DID WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT!

SURE WE DID! THAT LYNNCHING WAS AN ACCIDENT, YOU MIGHT SAY.



GENTLEMEN! EIGHT YEARS MAY HAVE TOUGHENED SOME OF YOUR CONSCIENCES... BUT TIME HASN'T CHANGED THE FACTS! I'LL GO OVER THEM NOW—FOR YOUR BENEFIT. LISTEN!



"TWELVE YEARS AGO TOMMY LANE AVERY AND HIS HALF INDIAN PARTNER, TOM-DICK JONES, SAW DEAD MAN'S CANYON FOR THE FIRST TIME.



"PROSPECTING AROUND THE STEEP ROCK WALLS, THEY FOUND A NARROW VEIN OF ARGENTITE.



"THEY HOPED THEY'D
UNCOVERED WHAT'S KNOWN
UNDER THEIR FINGERS,
BUT NO. THEY HOPED IT
WOULD GET WIDER, FARTHER IN."



"WHEN THEY RAN OUT
OF GRUB, TOM-DICK JONES
WOULD GO OUT WITH HIS
BOW AND ARROWS--TO
SAVE CARTRIDGES--"



—AND SHOOT
PRAIRIE CHICKENS,
TOM-DICK WAS A
DEAD SHOT WITH
HIS HOMEMADE
BOW

"THEY PECKED AWAY AT THAT
NARROW VEIN FOR SIX MONTHS,
AND THEN, ALONG IN THE SPRING—"



LOOK, TOM-DICK! WE'VE STRUCK PAY ROCK!
THAT VEIN IS ALMOST PURE ARGENTITE!



GOSH, MEBBE I'LL BE
ABLE TO BRING MY
LITTLE GIRL PAT TO
LIVE WITH US! WE
CAN BUILD A REAL
HOME...

"THEY LOADED THEIR TWO LITTLE
BURROS WITH HIGH-GRADE ORE, AND
TOOK IT TO THE STAMPING MILL AT
ARGENTITE TOWN, THIRTY MILES AWAY."



"THE TWO BURRO LOADS OF ORE BROUGHT
THEM PLENTY OF CREDIT TO BUY
PACK HORSES. BUT IT LIKEWISE BROUGHT--"



"—A STAMPEDE OF MINERS TO STAKE OUT CLAIMS NEAR THEIR STRIKE.



"FOR A WHILE, GOPHER CANYON, AS THIS PLACE WAS CALLED, AFTER AVERY'S AND JONES'S MINE, WAS SWARMING WITH PROSPECTORS.



"HALF A DOZEN GNE VEINS WERE STRUCK CLOSE BY— BUT NONE BESIDES THE GOPHER IN THE PARTNERS' LITTLE BOX CANYON

"LUKE AVERY AND TOM-DICK HAD TO FIGHT OFF CLAIM JUMPERS, ONCE OR TWICE—SO JONES DECIDED NOT TO BRING HIS LITTLE GIRL TO LIVE THERE JUST YET.



"AFTER A WHILE, THINGS QUIETED DOWN...LUKE AND TOM-DICK BUILT THIS LOG HOUSE...

"AND ONE DAY, TOM-DICK CAME RIDING HOME WITH HIS MOTHERLESS TEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, LOOKING PROUDER THAN TWO PARENTS.



"LUKE AVERY TOOK TO LITTLE PAT RIGHT AWAY— WHICH MADE TOM-DICK MIGHTY HAPPY.



"FOR NEARLY A YEAR SHE COOKED FOR THEM AND SORT OF MOTHERED THEM— AND THE PARTNERS FELT THEY HAD A REAL HOME."



"THEN ONE MORNING, A NEIGHBORING MINER, SAM BURLEY, FOUND LUKE AVERY DEAD IN HIS OWN FRONT YARD..."



"TOM-DICK JONES AND HIS HORSE AND HIS LITTLE GIRL WERE GONE— SO THE MINER HIGHTAILED..."



"TO THE BIG LUCKY STREAK MINE, OWNED AND OPERATED BY WADE HARPER. SHERIFF LANG HAPPENED TO BE THERE. HE SAID THE ARROW POINTED TO TOM-DICK."

JONES IS THE KILLER, SURE AS SHOOTING!



"WHILE LANG HEADED FOR THE CANYON, TO PICK UP TOM-DICK'S TRAIL, WADE HARPER SENT WORD TO THE OTHER MINERS, TO FORM A POSSE."



"THE WHOLE BUNCH HEADED FOR TOWN WITHOUT WAITING FOR THE SHERIFF— BECAUSE ONE OF 'EM HAD SEEN JONES AND HIS KID RIDING THAT WAY, ABOUT SUNUP."



"HALF WAY TO ARGENTITE, THEY
ALMOST RAN INTO JONES, RIDING
BACK, ALONE."

IT'S HIM!



"THE OTHER MINERS WERE SO MAD ABOUT
LUKE AVERY'S MURDER THAT THEY DIDN'T
GIVE TOM-DICK A CHANCE TO TALK."

SHUT UP YOU
DANGLED
SAVAGE!

KILL THE BACK—
SHOOTING HALFREED—
NOW!



"THEY WANTED TO GET IT OVER
QUICKLY, BEFORE SHERIFF LANG CAME
ALONG TO STOP THEM... SO THEY
HAD HARPER LOAD FIVE GUNS—TWO
WITH BULLETS AND THREE WITH
BLANKS



"WADE HARPER GAVE THE ORDER TO TAKE
AIM... BUT WITH TOM-DICK LOOKING THEM
STRAIGHT IN THE EYES..."

READY,
BOYS?



"THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO A GRAVE
WITH, SO THEY RULED STONES OVER
TOM-DICK... THEY WERE JUST FINISHING
THE JOB WHEN SHERIFF LANG RODE UP."

"IT WAS PROBABLY THE
HARDEST SHOT THOSE MEN
HAD EVER MADE!



BOYS! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE
TELL ME WHO'S UNDER THOSE ROCKS?

THAT MURDERING
HALFREED! WHO
DID YOU SUPPOSE?



"THEIR ANSWER HIT HIM HARD."

BOYS—TOM-DICK JONES WAS INNOCENT! I RECKON THAT MAKES US MURDERERS! I TOLD YOU HE WAS GUILTY, BEFORE I MADE SURE. YOU LYNCHED HIM ON THE STRENGTH OF MY WORD... GOD PITY US ALL!



"THE MINERS COULDN'T BELIEVE THEY'D MADE A MISTAKE."

BUT I SAW THAT ARROW IN LUKE'S BACK! NOBODY ELSE BUT TOM-DICK EVER USED A BOW—

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF! WE CAN SWEAR TO IT.



SOMEBODY ELSE USED TOM-DICK'S BOW THIS TIME, BOYS! I FOUND UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS THAT TOM-DICK JONES AND HIS KID HAD LEFT THE CANYON HOURS AGO—AND YET LUKE'S BODY WAS STILL WARM WHEN I GOT THERE.

STILL WARM! AND I SAW TOM-DICK AND LITTLE PAT GO BY MY PLACE, EARLY...

"BUT SHERIFF LANG PROVED HIS POINT.



"NOBODY SAID ANYTHING MORE... THEY'D MET AN INNOCENT MAN COMING BACK FROM TOWN AND SHOT HIM—AND THE THOUGHT OF IT WOULD HAUNT THEM ALL THEIR LIVES.



"NOBODY SAW LITTLE PAT JONES RUN OUT OF THE BUSHES WHERE SHE HAD BEEN HIDING..."



"...AND START THROWING ASIDE THE STONES THAT MADE THE GRAVE UNDER THE TREE."





YOU--YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT JONES' LITTLE DAUGHTER WAS WHERE SHE COULD SEE--AND HEAR--THE WHOLE THING?

YES! WHERE DID YOU SUPPOSE I GOT THE STORY?



THEN I RECKON WE'RE LICKED, BOYS! THE QUICKER WE SIGN THAT GOGGONED PAPER, AND GET OUT OF DEAD MAN'S CANYON, THE BETTER IT WILL SUIT ME!

ME, TOO, SAM!

I RECKON THAT DOES FOR ALL OF US--NOW.



BETTER READ IT BEFORE YOU SIGN, GENTLEMEN.

AH, RIGHT-- I'LL READ HER ALOUD.

"...WE ALSO SOLEMNLY AGREE TO SEEK OUT AND BRING TO PUNISHMENT BY LEGAL MEANS THE RED MURDERER OF LUKE AVERY, REGARDLESS OF WHOM THE TRUTH MAY HARM."



"WE THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY AGREE TO FORM AND FINANCE A CORPORATION TO REOPEN THE OLD GOPHER MINE...EQUAL SHARES OF STOCK TO BE TRANSFERRED, GRATIS, TO TOM-DICK JONES, HIS HEIRS OR ASSIGNS--"

YOU GENTLEMEN SHOULD KNOW, GO ON!

WHAT IN 'NATION DOES THAT MEAN, MISTER? TOM JONES IS DEAD AND BURIED, AIN'T HE?



UH--THAT'S ALL, BUT IT'S PLENTY!

GIVE ME THE PEN, BUD LANG! I'M SIGNIN' AWAY THE WORST LOAD MY CONSCIENCE EVER CARRIED!

THAT'S DONE! NOW, GENTLEMEN,
IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, I'LL TAKE
YOU OUT—BY THE WAY THE
MURDERER OF LUKE AVERY
ENTERED THIS CANYON, EIGHT
YEARS AGO.

WHAT?

WITHOUT WARNING,
RIFLE FLAME
SPURTS FROM
THE DOORWAY...
TWICE!

BOTH CANDLES EXPIRE
AMID FLYING GLASS.

COME ON, KID—
LET'S GET THAT
GUNMAN!

I'M
RIGHT
WITH YOU,
ROY!

A LIGHTED FUSE!
KEEP GOING, ERIC!

GOT IT—AND JUST
IN TIME!

WITHOUT SLOWING HIS RUSH,
HARPER AIMS A HARD SHOULDER
AT TWO STRUGGLING FORMS...

AND DOWN
THEY GO—
CLAWING,
GRUNTING—

SURGING TO HIS FEET,
THE LARGER MAN
JABS VIGOROUSLY
WITH HIS
GUN BUTT.



ERIC-- THAT
YOU?

UMMM H? I
--GUESS SO...



WHO KNOCKED
YOU ON THE
HEAD, KID?

DUNNO... BIG
FELLOW... RIFLE
BUTT... HOODED
GENT FIGHT N
WITH M...



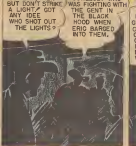
HEY! WHAT'S
GOING ON OUT
THERE? WHO'S
TALKING?

YOUNG ERIC HARRER
AND HIS FRIEND
ROY ROGERS. WE'RE
COMING IN, IF YOU
DON'T MIND.



COME IN THEN--
BUT DON'T STRIKE
A LIGHT! GOT
ANY IDEE WHO
SHOT OUT
THE LIGHTS?

SOMEBODY WHO
WAS FIGHTING WITH
THE GENT IN
THE BLACK
HOOD WHEN
ERIC BARGED
INTO THEM.



MUST HAVE BEEN THE
GUNMAN WHO'S BEEN
COVERING THE TRAIL
OUT OF THIS
CANYON... HE KILLED
POOR BEN HARTLEY--
BUT I GANT GUESS
WHAT HIS GAME IS!

PART OF HIS GAME
WAS TO BLOW YOU
ALL AND THE HOODED
FELLOW SKY-HIGH!
I WAS JUST IN TIME
TO YANK A LIGHTED
FUSE OUT OF A
CASE OF DYNAMITE
PLANTED UNDER
THIS WALL.



DYNAMITE! I--I RECKON
WE'D BETTER BRING IT IN
HERE... FOR SAFEGUARDING!

IN THE MEANTIME, ERIC AND I
WILL TAKE A LOOK FOR THIS
SECRET WAY OUT THAT YOUR
MASKED FRIEND SPOKE
ABOUT.
HOW'S THE HEAD
FEELING, KID?

BETTER...
LET'S GO, ROY.

ROY? DID YOU
MEAN THAT—
ABOUT LOOKING
FOR THE WAY
OLD LUKE AVERY'S
MURDERER
CAME IN? HOW
COULD WE FIND
ANYTHING
LIKE THAT
IN THE DARK?

MAYBE WE WON'T—
I'VE JUST GOT A HUNCH.
FIRST WE'LL SEE THAT
TRIGGER IS ALL RIGHT.

I RECKON NOBODY
HAS BOTHERED YOU, EH,
TRIGGER, BOY?
WAIT TILL I GET A
CANDLE OUT OF
THIS SADDLE
POCKET...

NOW-- WE'LL TAKE
A LOOK AROUND.

ROY?
WHAT'S
THAT ON
THE GROUND?

THAT'S FRESH BLOOD--
MY BLACK HOOD MUST
HAVE GOT HURT BY THE
GENT WHO KNOCKED YOU
OUT, ERIC:...

...AND MADE
STRAIGHT FOR
THIS TUNNEL!

HE--HE'S STILL
IN HERE, THEN?

MAYBE--BUT DON'T
FORGET THAT SECRET
PASSAGE.

WE'LL SEE WHERE
THIS BLOOD TRAIL
TAKES US

THAT'S FUNNY!
THE MINE FACE
IS JUST AHEAD --
AND THE BLOOD
SPOTS STOP
THERE.



THE ROCK
IS SOLID --
NO HIDDEN
PASSAGE
HERE, ERIC.



I DON'T SAVVY
THIS PLAY AT
ALL -- IT'S AS
IF THAT
MASKED GENT
EVAPORATED.

HEAR THAT,
KID?

YEAH! IT'S
HOLLOW.



ROY! IT'S A HOLE -- WITH
A TRICKY COVER.



PRETTY CLEVER -- CHUNKS OF ROCK CEMENTED
TO AN OLD BARREL HEAD, TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE
PART OF THE MINE FLOOR.



THERE'S A
LADDER! HOW
ABOUT CLIMBING
DOWN IT, ROY?

SURE YOU'VE
GOT THE RIGHT
DIRECTION, ROY?

UH-HUH! BLOODSPOTS
HERE.

I'LL TAKE
A LOOK... IF
EVERYTHING'S
OKAY YOU
CAN BRING
THE LIGHT.



A MINE CAR? ROY, I'VE GOT
A HUNCH—THIS ISN'T THE
GOPHER MINE WE'RE IN NOW.
IT'S THE—
LUCKY STREAK!



YOUR
DAD'S OLD
WORKINGS!

YES, WADE
HARPER'S
BRAND,
BURNED
INTO THIS
PLANK.

COME ON-- WE
MIGHT NAB MR.
HOOD BEFORE
HE CLEARS OUT.



QUIET, BOO!
PUFF!



PATTY! PATTY RICHARDS! YOU--? AND
YOUR DAD...

ERIC?
OH--H--



WHAT DID
YOU DO
THAT FOR,
ROY?

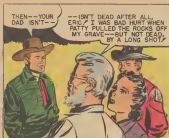
LIGHT AHEAD--
SEE IT? DON'T
TALK, AND TREAD
EASY, NOW.



PATTY, ROY ROGERS AND
I HEARD THE HOODED
GENT'S STORY! ARE
YOU--

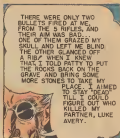
YES, THAT'S MY HOOD!
AND YOU CAN GUESS THE
REST-- I'M REALLY
PAT JONES, TOM-
DICK'S DAUGHTER





THEN--YOUR
DAD ISN'T--

--ISN'T DEAD AFTER ALL,
ERIC? I WAS BAD HURT WHEN
PATTY PULLED THE ROCKS OFF
MY GRAVE--BUT NOT DEAD,
BY A LONG SHOT!



THERE WERE ONLY TWO
BULLETS FIRED AT ME,
FROM THE 5 RIFLES, AND
THEIR AIM WAS BAD...
ONE OF THEM GRAZED MY
SKULL AND LEFT ME BLIND
THE OTHER GLANCED OFF
A RIB! WHEN I KNEW
THAT I TOLD PATTY TO PUT
THE ROCKS BACK ON THE
GRAVE AND BRING SOME
MORE STONES TO TAKE MY
PLACE. I AIMED
TO STAY "DEAD"
TILL I COULD
FIGURE OUT WHO
KILLED MY
PARTNER, LUKE
AVERY.



I'M ROY ROGERS,
COME TO HELP
ERIC FIND HIS
DAD, WHO'S MISSING
STILL. DID YOU
EVER FIND THE
EVIDENCE YOU
WANTED?

GLAD TO MEET
YOU, ROGERS...
YES, WE FOUND
IT PATTY AND
I. THAT'S
WHY WE'RE
HERE



HOW WOULD YOU SAY IT ALL HOOKED
UP WITH THAT TRIGGER-QUICK HOMBRE
WHO HAS BEEN ROOSTING OVER THE
ENTRANCE TO DEAD
MAN'S CANYON FOR
THE PAST WEEK?

IT COULD BE
AS CLOSE AS A
SNAKE'S HEAD
IS HOOKED
UP WITH
ITS TAIL.

THEN IT'S
OUR JOB TO
GET HIM!



I'LL BET HE KNOWS
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY
DAD--AND I AIM TO
CHOKER IT OUT OF
HIM. BEFORE
DAYLIGHT! --
COMING, ROY?

ERIC! YOU
MUSTN'T GO--NOT
NOW! YOU HEAR?
I'LL BRING THE
OLDER MEN, FROM
THE CANYON THROUGH
THIS MINE... WE'LL
SURROUND HIM--



-- AND GET SOME MORE OF 'EM
KILLED DOING IT? NO, PATTY,
THIS IS MY JOB--AND ROY'S! IT'S
MY DAD WHO'S
MISSING--PERHAPS
MURDERED!

OH, ERIC--
PLEASE...



WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, ERIC—NOW WE'RE OUTSIDE THE CANYON?

GIRGLE AROUND TO THE RIM WHERE THAT GUNMAN IS HIDING, AND JUMP HIM IN THE DARK.



WHAT WOULD BE YOUR IDEA, ROY?

SAVE AS YOURS, KID—UP TO A POINT? I'D SAY, GET AS CLOSE TO OUR MAN AS POSSIBLE IN THE DARKNESS...



BUT IF WE WAIT TILL IT'S JUST LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE BEFORE WE JUMP HIM, WE'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE.

I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, ROY. GO EASY, NOW, BECAUSE WE'RE GETTING CLOSE.



HE'S ASLEEP—RIGHT AHEAD? TAKE MY BOOTS, KID—THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE OF US HERE...



YEEOW!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, BUD LANG? YOU WON'T HANG ME—

BLAM!

EASE UP, WADE? DON'T YOU KNOW ME—ROY ROGERS?



HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD, ERIC? HELP ME TIE HIS HANDS WITHOUT HURTING HIM.

DAD? OH, LORD, IT CAN'T BE YOU...



GIT AWAY FROM ME, LUKE.
AVERY, YOU CAN'T SCARE ME,
YOU CUSSED SPOOK, NOBODY
ELSE KNOWS I KILLED YOU--

DAD, SHUT
UP, IT'S
ME--YOUR
BOY, ERIC.



ERIC? ERIC?

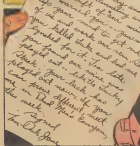


HE'S OUT COLD, KID.
I'M KIND OF AFRAID
THAT HE'S HAD A STROKE.

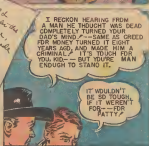


YOUR DAD HAS CROSSED
THE BIG DIVIDE, ERIC....
IT'S BETTER THAT WAY.
HERE'S A LETTER THAT
FELL OUT OF HIS POCKET.

READ IT, KID.
I COULDN'T--
NOW.



Wider Luke Greedy and he
caught your traveling under the
warm draft of our winter,
and warned you--you made
up your mind to get rid
of us and work our way
back for it. You later
found out--like the traveling
played out--like the traveling
played out now. If you
come from different neck
and our Dad's long gone
this week.
I'm Dad's son.



I RECKON HEARING FROM
A MAN HE THOUGHT WAS DEAD
COMPLETELY TURNED YOUR
DAD'S MIND--SAME AS GREED
FOR MONEY TURNED IT EIGHT
YEARS AGO AND MADE HIM A
CRIMINAL. IT'S TOUGH FOR
YOU, KID--BUT YOU'RE MAN
ENOUGH TO STAND IT.

IT WOULDN'T
BE SO TOUGH
IF IT WEREN'T
FOR--FOR
PATTY.



WE'LL HAVE TO
TELL THE OLD-
TIMERS DOWN
THERE WHAT HAS
HAPPENED...
MIGHT AS WELL
START NOW, ERIC

OKAY - I'LL
COME ALONG,
BOY. GOT TO
FACE THEM
SOONER OR
LATER, I
RECKON



SO THERE YOU HAVE IT, GENTS --
TOM-DICK JONES IS ALIVE AND WADE
HARPER HAS GONE WHERE NO LAW
BUT GOD'S CAN REACH HIM.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT
PAPER WE SIGNED? TELL
ME THAT?



WHAT WAS THE SENSE IN
PATTY JONES MAKIN' US
AGREE TO REOPEN THE OLD
SOPHER MINE IF THE VEIN
WAS ALL PLAYED OUT?

IT DON'T MAKE SENSE,
SAM -- ESPECIALLY THE PART
ABOUT TRANSFERRING HALF
OF THE COMPANY'S SHARES
TO TOM-DICK



I CAN ANSWER
YOUR QUESTIONS,
GENTLEMEN,
THOUGH I CAN'T
SEE YOU.

WHO --
TOM-DICK
JONES?

IT'S HIM --
UH -- HOW
ARE YOU,
TOM-DICK?



I THOUGHT YOU'D RECOGNIZE ME -- WITHOUT MY
WHITE WHISKERS AND BLACK GLASSES...
WHERE'S YOUR HANO,
BUD LAWS? AND
YOURS, SAM?

YOU --
YOU'D SHAKE
HANDS WITH
US?

AFTER --
UH -- WHAT
HAPPENED
EIGHT YEARS
BACK?



EIGHT YEARS GAVE US
TIME TO THINK, NEIGHBORS --
BOTH YOU AND ME. I
HOLD NO GRUDGE -- AND
WE'RE PARTNERS NOW,
AREN'T WE?

YES, BUT --
I DON'T
SAVVY --



AN HOUR LATER--

THERE GOES PATTY'S FATHER, RIDING OUT WITH HIS OLD FRIENDS. THEY FOUND THEIR HORSES DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE CANYON.



IT'S ABOUT TIME I LOOKED UP ERIC-- AND PATTY. THEY'RE NOT UP THERE IN THE LITTLE CAVE.



THERE'S TRIGGER, WAITING FOR ME...



HERE'S MY HAT. WHERE DO THEY GO, BOY? WHERE'S ERIC-- AND PATTY JONES?



OH, THERE THEY ARE. I RECKON THEY'VE FOUND SOMETHING RICHER THAN A SILVER MINE, TRIGGER--SO WE WON'T DISTURB THEM.



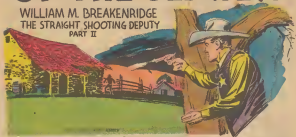
WE'LL HIT THE TRAIL FOR BEYOND-- KNOWING WE'VE HELPED TO MAKE THE SADDEST DAY IN A KID'S LIFE TURN OUT TO BE THE BLADEST. WHAT D'YOU SAY, TRIGGER, BOY?



HO--HO--
HO--HO--HO--

GREAT LAWMEN OF THE OLD WEST

WILLIAM M. BREAKENRIDGE
THE STRAIGHT SHOOTING DEPUTY
PART II



Six-shooters roared deafeningly in the office of the Tombstone Mine. With the sudden limpness of death, a man's body thudded to the floor. The two masked robbers who had killed him slipped out of the building, guns ready. But no one blocked their escape.

Hours later, news of the murder came to Deputy Sheriff Billy Breakenridge. Along with other information! Shortly after the crime, two gun-slick individuals had arrived at a certain ranch an hour's ride from town. Their names were Bill Grounds and Zwingli Hunt. The surest way to learn if they were guilty would be to try arresting them.

The sheriff, John Behan, was away from town with a posse, on the trail of the gunfighting Earps. He couldn't be consulted. But in Tombstone were two old warrants for the arrest of Hunt and Grounds—on charges of grand larceny!

Deputy Breakenridge took the warrants, intending to serve them alone.

This time, however, the town's politicians had him hobbled. A gentleman

named Gillespie, who hoped to be the county's next sheriff, had influence. He insisted on coming along with two other men, Allen and Young. Much against his will, "Breck" was forced to take them.

As wise as a red Apache in the science of frontier man hunting, Breakenridge planned to make the arrest before dawn. In the darkness his posse could take their positions unseen.

While still a safe distance from the outlaws' refuge, the possemen left their horses. Stepping softly they came to the dark bulk of the house. Breakenridge himself scouted the place.

"There's a woodpile between the back door and the corral," he told his companions. "Thor's where I want you to hide, Gillespie, until it's light and the boys inside come out to look for their horses. Take Young with you. Don't shoot if you can help it, but cover them. If anybody comes out the front way, Allen and I will take care of him."

"Breck" had no way to enforce his instructions. Once Gillespie and Young

were out of his sight, he could only hope for the best and fear the worst. But he was far from guessing the lunatic stunt that was in Gillespie's mind.

As the deputy and Allen watched the front of the ranch house, they heard a loud pounding on the back door. Somebody inside asked who was there.

"The sheriff!" shouted Gillespie.

It was the last word he ever spoke. The door snapped open like a camera shutter. Gunflame licked out at the two surprised possemen. Both fell—Gillespie dead, Young drilled through the upper leg.

The next instant the front door yawned. Out of the black interior leaped a figure, screaming that he was a stranger and an innocent bystander. After him came a volley of shots.

Breakenridge heard Allen grunt—saw him fall to the ground. In the dark the deputy's hand found Allen's coat collar—wet with blood! Steeping low, he dragged the wounded man to a gully where no more lead could find him.

Day was now breaking, faintly. "Breck's" eye, trained like an Indian's to catch slight movements, warned him in time. He dodged behind a tree trunk, just as a bullet plunked into it. Before another shot could follow him, Breakenridge whipped up his heavy gauge shotgun and fired at the door's black opening.

Peering through the gunsmoke, he heard a sound from the house like a man falling on the floor. Someone else had heard it, too; for around the building moved a dim form, calling:

"Billy! Billy Grounds! Are you—"

A rifle banged from the gully. That was Allen, who had come to. "Breck's" Colt hammered an echo to it, and the dim figure lurched out of sight, around the corner.

The brief silence that followed was broken by a cry for help. The stranger who had bolted out through the front door was hurt and afraid for his life.

Risking gunfire from the house, Breakenridge made a dash and helped the second wounded man to safety.

Slowly the daylight grew. There were no more shots. A man's upturned toes showed in the doorway. That would be Grounds. Hunt, perhaps badly hit, might be anywhere. . . .

"Breck" found him hiding in the tall grass not far away. Hunt was hard hit and ready to give up. That made five desperately wounded men and one dead (Gillespie), because one glory-hunter had shot off his mouth too soon! Coolheaded, straight-shooting Billy Breakenridge was the only man unhurt.

"Breck's" fearless honesty and good judgment, his skills as a scout and as a marksman, did not make up the whole secret of his long life behind a badge. **HE KNEW THE TRICK OF DISARMING MEN'S MINDS!**

Once he enlisted a notorious rustler chief, Curly Bill Brocius, as his deputy assessor—and collected nearly \$1,000 in TAXES from successful cattle thieves! Curly Bill thought it was a great joke. "Breck" found it was good business.

Not so long ago at the age of 84, William Breakenridge could look back with a smile at Tombstone's wild and wooly boom. He had outlived it by fifty active, honorable years.



CHUCK WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

THE SON OF RED FLAME



"SURE! AND BREAKFAST
BEGINS IF THE BOYS AIN'T
SO HUNGRY WHEN THEY COME
IN THAT THEY WANT TWO
SUPPERS."

"G'ON, G'ON, G'ON!
ENOUGH GOOD TO EAT
SUPPER WITH CHARLEY!"



"LOOK CHARLEY! THE
FLIMMIES ARE LIKE A
BUNCH OF WILD HORSES
TRYING TO JUMP OUT
OF CORRAL - AREN'T
THEY?"

"I RECKON, PAT!
LIKE RED FLAME
THE WILD HORSE
KING! HE JUMPED OVER
MORE'N ONE CORRAL!"



"CHARLEY TELL US
ANOTHER STORY
ABOUT RED FLAME
BEFORE THE BOYS
RIDE IN FOR SUPPER!"

"WE'LL, MEBBE THERE'LL
BE TIME - WHILE THE
BISCUITS ARE
BAKING."



"YOU REMEMBER HOW
YOUNG JIMMY BANKS
FOUND HIS WILD HORSE
FRIEND IN A BIG MUS-
TANG ROUNDUP -
YEARS AFTER HAD
GIVEN UP HOPE
OF SEEING
BIG RED
(BAIN?)"

"YEST JIMMY TOOK
RED FLAME BACK TO
THE RANCH."



"WELL FOR A WHOLE YEAR THEY WERE
TOGETHER - JIMMY RODE NO OTHER HORSE
AND NO OTHER RIDER COULD RIDE BIG RED."

TAKE 6000
CASES OF
RED
FLAME!



BUT THE NEXT SPRING, JIMMY HAD TO GO
TO TOWN FOR A WEEK OR SO ON BUSINESS.
HE TOOK THE BACKBOARD AND HIS SUIT-
CASE.

JIMMY HAD PUT HIS DAD'S PRIDE PALOMINO FILLY
IN THE CORRAL WITH RED FLAME. BUT WHEN THE
KID BOOED AWAY, BIG RED
NEARLY KNOCKED
DOWN THE GATE!



THREE DAYS LATER,
WHEN JIMMY'S DAD
CAME TO REED HIM
AND THE FILLY, BIG
RED HIT THE
UNFASTENED GATE
LIKE A WHIRL-
WIND!



AND WAS GONE JUST LIKE THAT! BIG RED
WAS NEVER TAMED, YOU KNOW, AND WHEN
HE FIGURED JIMMY WASN'T COMING BACK,
HE CLEARED OUT FOR THE WILD RINROCK BRACKS!

JIMMY TOOK THE LOSS
OF HIS WILD HORSE
PRIDE PRETTY HARD—
BUT IT COMFORTED
HIM SOME WHEN RED
FLAME'S SON WAS
BORN TO THE
PALOMINO FILLY.



THAT FOAL WAS THE SPIT AN' IMAGE OF ITS
SIRE — AND WILDFIRE WAS THE ONLY NAME
JIMMY COULD THINK OF TO CALL IT.



EVEN AT THREE MONTHS, WILDFIRE STARTED
TO SHOW THE FEARLESS SPIRIT OF HIS GREAT
SIRE — WHEN A COYOTE POKED ITS NOSE INTO
THE CORRAL, THE COY CHALLENGED HIM.



THE HARBOR IDEA WAS MORE DEADLY — A SMASHING KICK THAT WOULD HAVE DONE IN THE PROXYLER — IF HE HAD LINGERED A SECOND LONGER

WILDFIRE STUCK HIS COLTISH NECK OUT TO SEE WHERE THE COYOTE HAD GONE.



THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS OUTSIDE — LEAVING HIS MOTHER IN A FIT OF WORRY



THERE WAS SO MUCH TO SEE IN THE RANCH YARD, THAT THE COLT COULDN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAIL OF IT —



SO HE FOLLOWED HIS NOSE, STRAIGHT TO THE ROOT CELLAR.



THE SMELL OF APPLES AND CARROTS AND SPUDS, SAPTING OUT THROUGH THE DOOR CRACK, MADE WILDFIRE PLUMED DETERMINED TO SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF IT. HE WINKED AROUND UNTIL HE GOT THE DOOR CLASP IN HIS TEETH —



AND PULLED THE DOOR OUT OF HIM THE ROOT CELLAR DOOR SWUNG IN



HE SPENT THE REST OF THE NIGHT NIBBLING APPLES AND CARROTS TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT AND HIS STOMACH'S SORROW

HE WAS STILL THERE
NEXT MORNING, GRONING
WITH BELLYACHE WHEN
JIMMY BANKS FOUND
HIM.



A WHOPPING BIG GODE OL'
CASTOR OL' -



-FIXED HIM UP SO
HE WAS FULL OF GUNS AGAIN THE NEXT
DAY JIMMY FENCED THE CORRAL TO MAKE
SURE THE COLT WOULDN'T BUST OUT AGAIN



HE PUT WILDFIRE
AND HIS MOTHER IN
THE BARN EVERY
NIGHT



WINTER POUNCED ON THE OREGON BRAKES
LIKE A WILDCAT THAT YEAR



JIMMY PUT HIS MA AND PA ON THE TRAIN FOR
CALIFORNIA WHERE THEIR RHEUMATISM WOULDN'T
BE SO BAD- AND DROVE BACK HOME WITH
AN OLD DUFFER HE'D HIRED TO HELP HIM

ONE COLD WINDY
NIGHT OLD HANK
FORGOT TO PUT
OUT HIS PIPE
WHEN HE
CLEANED
THE BOX STALL



-AND SHOVED
HAY DOWN FROM
THE LOFT



AFTER HANK HAD
GONE OUT, SMOKE STARTED TO
DRIFT DOWN FROM THE HAYLOFT -
IT STUNG WILDFIRE'S NOSE AND
MADE HIM SNORT.



THEN SOME BURNING
WAX FELL ONTO THE
MARE'S BACK AND
DROVE HER CRAZY
WITH FEAR.



WHAT SAVED THE COLT WAS OLD
HANK'S FORGETTING TO FASTEN
THE CLEAR-OUT DOOR IN HIS
BOX STALL - WILDFIRE
SQUEEZED THROUGH IT!



OUT IN THE CORRAL, HE COULD HEAR THE
SCARY CRACKLING OF THE FLAMES -



-AND HIS
MOTHER'S
SCREAMS
OF TERROR!



JIMMY HAD HEARD
THEM, TOO - HE
DIDN'T EVEN STOP
TO AND THE DOOR
OF HIS BEDROOM -



BUT HE
GOT THERE
JUST TOO LATE!



THE COLT HAD THE PLS
OF THE BARN DOORS CLASP
IN HIS TEETH YANKING IT
OUT - HE HADN'T FORGOTTEN
HOW THE ROOT SELLAR
DOOR OPENED



JIMMY BANKS HAD SHARPLY TIME TO DODGE AS THE
FLAME NO YARE S-H-O-O-T OUT OF THE BURNING BARN

THE LAST HE SAW OF HER SHE
WAS STREAMING THROUGH THE
CORRAL GATE WITH THE COLT -
SOME INTO THE BLACK
HOWLING NIGHT!



THE MARE RAN
FOR MILES TILL THE
DEEPENING SNOW MORE DOWN HER STRENGTH
AND SOME OF HER DEAR WILDFIRE WAS
TRED FROM KEEPING UP
WITH HER



AT LAST INSTINCT LED HER
TO A LITTLE GULCH THAT
WOULD GIVE BOTH OF THEM
SHELTER FROM THE BURNARD
THAT WAS REARING OVER THE
BURNERS. FROM NOW ON SHE
AND WILDFIRE WOULD LIVE
OR DIE ON THEIR OWN!

BUT CHARLEY
DON'T WILDFIRE
EVER COME BACK
TO JIMMY?

WELL NOW THAT'S
ANOTHER STORY
ART - I RECKON
THESE ESCOUTS
ARE DONE, AND
I'LL HAVE TO HEAT
UP THE BEANS FOR
SOME HUNGRY
LOWPOCKES



BUT IF YOU'RE REAL GOOD
ABOUT HELPIN' ME WITH THE
CLOTHES FROM NOW ON, MRS.
BE I'LL TELL YOU HOW WILD-
FIRE MET HIS OWN UNTAMED
SIBL. RED FLAME THE
GREATEST HORSE IN OREGON!

